

For God's Glory

"My Life Testimony"



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Isaiah 54:17, "No weapon that is formed against me shall prosper and every tongue that shall rise against me in judgment thou shalt condemn."

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Table of Contents

For God's Glory...	6
The Gift of Jesus, Age Two...	10
In Spite of the Shame..	14
The Life of a Run Away..	19
No Weapon Formed Against Me Will Prosper..	28
Love In All The Wrong Places...	34
Time To Rise Up...	39
God Wants To Love You...	44
God Brought Me Through...	46

For God's Glory

Thank you. I'm so excited and my heart is just so overjoyed because it's a privilege and an honor to be able to come before the Lord to speak to his people, to speak to the nations, in Jesus Name.

As Sister Lara said, my message is entitled “***For His Glory***” and I'm going to tell you a little bit about my life and my testimony and how God brought me through it. They said I wouldn't make it, that crazy Sharon wouldn't amount to anything, but despite of what they said, Hallelujah, I'm still holding onto God's unchanging hand. You know “***God doesn't make mistakes.***” I was not an accident and none of you are accidents.

It is written in God's Holy Word in Genesis 1:26,

“And God said, let us make man in our image after our likeness.” We are all so very precious to God.

We were created in the image and in the likeness of God. God allowed me to be born into a family that was considered to be highly dysfunctional. God allowed me to be in all the different foster homes that I was in. God allowed me to be placed with the foster parents I was with.

He had one purpose in mind and one purpose only and that it would be all for his glory for such a time for this. God brought me into this world through an adulterous relationship. My biological Dad was not married to my Mom. He had a wife in New Orleans and although he wasn't married to her, he fathered over eight children by her within eight years.

She was having a baby every year, sometimes, she had two babies in one year and it was just a life that was filled with domestic violence, hatred and anger. During that time, he drank heavily. He beat her up all the time. He cut her. He stabbed her with ice picks as she ran around in circles thinking if she ran around her children, he would stop and he wouldn't hurt her; but he didn't care. He was so full of evil and wickedness that he just kept stabbing and stabbing her as she ran pleading for mercy around her children.

The violence went on in the home for many, many years and my mother's death was due to the injury she received to her head during the last and final beating. My sisters and brothers were all placed in different foster homes. Some were placed in orphanages. Some of were placed in mental institutions because

some of us were so violently psychotic from the abuse that we had experienced that there was no choice but the lock us up.

We were described by the social workers as being primitive, living in filth and squalor. Our skin was dirty. Our hair was matted and we just stared in silence. We had no voice. I and one of my sisters were blessed to have been placed with an Italian woman, my very first foster mom, a Mrs. Tyler. She loved Jesus and she loved us. It was the very first foster home that God had established where we would receive a foundation and that foundation, that solid rock on which I stand was Christ Jesus.

The Gift of Jesus At Age Two

That precious lady, my Mom, who will always be remembered in my heart as my mother gave me a treasure at age two that I will never forget. She gave me the gift of Jesus.

She gave me Jesus teaching me to forgive. She taught me to ask for forgiveness. She taught me that no matter what I did, no matter how bad it was, even if I lied, stole, or did something devious that I could run to Jesus and that, He would receive me with open arms and that I could tell him about everything that I did.

That I could ask for his forgiveness, He would forgive me, and that he would love me

unconditionally. Thank you Jesus!

She taught me to call upon that name of Jesus no matter what I had done. The most important thing she taught me was how to pray. She taught me how to cry out even as a little girl I always felt this warm presence, knowing and feeling that somehow I was never alone, constantly in my prayer closet, which was actually a bathroom, a dark bathroom.

She had a picture of Jesus and she had a candle on each side and she told me that was my prayer closet. She said whatever you do wrong and whenever you feel the need to talk or if you're feeling alone, or if you have done anything wrong, go in there and you talk to your Daddy. So I grew to enjoy talking with Jesus and I consider him to be my Friend. I would say I'm going into the bathroom to talk to my Friend.

I'm going to lift up my Friend. I'm going to glorify my Friend. So I learned to talk to Jesus at a very young age.

One of the most important things is that people just don't realize how important it is to a child (even a toddler) and to teach them to pray.

As a toddler, I was taught to pray and cry out to Jesus believing in my heart that he would hear me and that he would do what I asked him to do and because I was being taught that at home, that I could cry out to him and that he would always be there for me and because I loved my foster Mom so much. I didn't even know that she wasn't my Mom. As far as I was concerned, she was my mother.

I never questioned her skin color. All I know is that she loved me and that she honored me and she gave me everything that I wanted so I loved her. I believed in trusting everything that she told me. Proverbs 22:6 says to ***“Train up a child in the way that he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it.”*** They may stray for a period of time.

Our loved ones may turn their backs and walk away, but they always come back to what is right to what is hidden in their hearts.

In Spite of the Shame

In Genesis chapter twenty-one, beginning in verse nine it talks about Hagar. Hagar and Sarah, and Hagar sent her away because she did not want Ishmael to share in the inheritance with the son of promise, Isaac. So she sent them out into the desert.

But you see Abraham was a great man of faith and because Abraham was a great man of faith, he taught his child how to pray; he instilled the gift of prayer into his son and while a child lay face down in that sand after there was no more water or food and they had exhausted all of their resources.

Hagar took him and put him underneath some shrubs because of her mother's heart that would not allow her to watch her child die of thirst.

That child because of the prayer life that was instilled in him, he cried out to God right where he was even in the midst of his brokenness in the midst of his trial right where he was, he cried out right where he was under that bush, and God heard his prayer and an angel cried out to Hagar, ***“Hagar, what ailed thee. Why are you crying. What's the matter with you?”*** I heard in my spirit, ***“God has heard your child's prayer right where he is.”*** He opened up her eyes and he told her to look, and because of the prayer of that child. God heard that prayer and he answered it. Hagar looked and she saw this well of water and that they were able to drink and not thirst anymore and praise God, the first thing that God told Hagar to do was to pick yourself up and rise up.

Lift up the lad, hold him in your hand for I will make him a great nation, in spite of the scorn, in spite of the shame, in spite of the violation, in spite of the hurt and the pain.

God wants to make you something so much greater than what you are, but you too must rise up and come up higher. Hallelujah!

In the foster home that we were, Mrs. Tyler taught us the word of God and she loved us and we did not know that she was dying from cancer. Because she was dying from cancer, they wouldn't allow her to keep us. They wanted to put us in a permanent foster home so we would be stable or so they thought. So we were removed from her and we were placed in a permanent foster home in upstate New York with a foster Dad who was an alcoholic.

He was verbally and physically abusive. He was addicted to pornography and my foster Mom – my heart grieves for her, my heart grieves for her. She has since passed away, but my heart grieved for her.

She had no control over what was going on. She couldn't stop it and I believe in my heart that she, herself, was a victim as well. And I grew up alone and without a voice. There was no one to protect me and I was powerless to protect myself. I had no one to share my pain with, to share my hurt with.

Probably about one week after we moved into the home, the molestation started almost right away. My foster Dad started coming into my room.

He would come into the room with just his bathrobe on with nothing up underneath it. He would do all kinds of ungodly things to me, things that no father should ever do to his little girl. Day in and day out I would tell the Lord, ***“I can't live like this. I can't take this anymore.”***

I hated my life so much that I wanted to be dead and I said Lord I've got to get away from this and so I started running away.

The Life of Being A Run Away

The first time that I ran away I learned that I was a long distance runner because in the midst of one of the physical beatings that was so brutal and so harsh, I just took off running out of the house and I ran through the woods and I actually ran three miles before I stopped running because I knew that I had to keep running because my life was dependent on it. I knew that they wanted to kill us that they wanted to hate us and that there was no love there.

So I ran away several times and each time, I allowed Social Services to bring me back home because I had to think about my siblings that were in the home. I had two brothers that were there.

I had other foster sisters that were there that I loved dearly and I said Lord I have to come back and protect them. I have to keep them safe. I attempted suicide many, many times while I was there.

I remember the first time that I attempted suicide I was probably about nine to ten years old. I asked my sister to help me to do it.

We were having a big field day at our house. We had guests from church. I asked my sister to keep everyone down stairs. I was going to take these pills and take my life.

I went into my mother's pill closet and I took the first container of pills that I saw. I said surely since they are dark purple, these will kill me.

I took the entire bottle of pills and I kinda laid my arm against my chest like they do at funeral homes. I was trying to make it easy for them as I would already be laid out and thinking like a child.

I laid there for an hour and I said ***“Lord, I'm not dying yet. What's going on?”***

So I felt my stomach gurgling and it felt like a volcano was taking place in me and I said Lord, what's going on. So I jumped up and went running to the bathroom and after I went to the bathroom I came back upstairs and looked at the pills and ***“Praise God!”*** It wasn't anything that was really going to kill me because they were worm pills so I got the best cleaning out that I ever had in my life. But God in all his faithfulness in spite of my trying to take my life, He didn't allow it to happen and the very people who

were supposed to love me and protect me and take care of me, they betrayed me, they violated me, they scorned and rejected me.

I held onto this scripture that I found in the Bible and it's Psalm 27:10 which says, ***“When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up. He will deliver me. He will fight for me. He will care for me.”***

When the sexual and physical abuse was exposed, I told a friend of mine at school what I was going through, I asked her to help me run away. She bought me a bus ticket and I took a bus to New York. And they had detectives looking for me so they ended up bringing me back and when they brought me back, I was terrified and I knew that there was no way that I could confess to my mother that I had told everybody

or I had told someone and now everybody knows that I have been sexually abused, I've been molested, I've been neglected; I've been denied food and I've been beaten horrifically.

There was no way I was going to tell my Mom that I did in fact say that so I told my mother that my friend had lied.

I could hear the rage and the anger that was in my Mom and I remember she said to me “*You just wait...you just wait...when she calls me that was what you said you just wait*” and I felt like this murderous spirit in my mom and I said, “*Lord I have to get away.*”

I remember climbing over the roof and down the side of the house and when my leg swung down past the

kitchen window, she saw me and she told my sister and brothers to go get me and I remember that I just kept running through the woods and running through the woods and my sister and my brother trapped me and I said to them, "I'm your sister, your real sister have mercy on me. Please don't take me back there. I begged them.

I even laid on the ground so they couldn't drag me. And even though they didn't want to and I knew that they didn't want to, they had no choice but to take me back because if they didn't take my came back wt they were going to have to endure. So they took me back to the house. I remember the shame that I experienced and she made me strip. I was probably about thirteen at the time. She made me strip in front of all of my siblings and she beat me. She literally beat me for a good twenty minutes. She beat with a

piece of molding that she had taken from the side of the house that my father was doing some construction work. When that stick broke up she told them to go outside and to get a switch.

I don't know what you guys know, but back in the day when they told you to go out and get a switch it was a fresh green one and it wouldn't break.

So she beat me with this switch and she beat me over and over and she just wouldn't stop and my sisters and brothers were mocking me because parts of my body were going up and down and it was just so humiliating and then she got rid of the stick and she went to the closet and she got the very fine telephone wires and she wrapped it around her hand and she doubled it and she kept beating me and she kept beating me with it until my skin was actually

breaking. I had so many broken cuts all over my body. I had so many stripes. I had so many cuts all over my body that I looked like a tiger and I remember I was hyperventilating and I was pleading. I said, ***“Mom, have mercy on me. Please Mom you are going to kill me. I didn't do anything.”*** And I remember my foster Dad he came in and he grabbed the cord from her hand and he said, ***“Stop it.. You're going to kill her. Stop It!”*** She was just in a rage. She just wanted to get at me and keep getting at me and I remember I could I collapsed at the bottom of the steps.

My sister came down stairs, my older sister and she carried me with tears in her eyes, she carried me upstairs and she laid me down and she closed my door and she knew that she could not stay in the room with me or talk with me for fear that my Mom would

retaliate against her.

I said, *“Lord how am I going to live like this? I know that You did not create me to go through this.”*

I said, *“You can't possibly allow me to go through this.”*

No Weapon Formed Against Me Will Prosper

I started questioning His love for me. I started, even though I had been taught as a little girl that His love for me was unconditional and that He would never leave me or forsake me.

I just felt all alone. I felt abandoned. And I can remember one day I went to school and everybody was talking about how this poor little girl had been abused by her father and she had nobody to talk to and I came home on the school bus and none of my sisters and brothers were on the bus and that was unusual because they just didn't stay after school.

I didn't question it. My foster Dad came down to the bottom of the hill and picked me up after I got off the bus. He didn't say anything to me. He didn't question

me about where were my sisters and brothers? He didn't ask about why they didn't come home or where were they? So I thought maybe he knows why they didn't come home. But little did I know that he had orchestrated that so that only I would be home. When I came home from school, the natural thing for me to do was for me to do my chores. I made myself a snack. I changed my school clothes and put on my play clothes and I started ironing for a household of eight. I stayed in my room and I was ironing and I saw him pacing back and forth past the open door to the room where I was and then I saw that he had a gun in his hand and so I thought like what is he doing because I have seen him clean his gun but he always did it in his bedroom or on the kitchen table, but he kept pacing and pacing back and forth towards the room that I was in and I became a little nervous because I couldn't understand it.

So he came into the room where I was and he had a small white handkerchief and he just kept starring like he was in this daze and he kept wiping this gun with this handkerchief so I asked him what are you doing and he said, I'm cleaning this gun. I said, ***“Lord, he doesn't clean his gun like that.”***

I've seen him clean his gun. He just kept wiping the gun with the handkerchief really slowly. I was only about twelve or thirteen years old at the time and I was fearful and I remember asking God and with each passing minute, I began to cry out with all my heart, ***“God, please protect me. God please take him out of this room. Please don't let him hurt me. Please don't let him shoot me. Please keep me safe, Father God in Jesus Name.”*** The Word says in Isaiah 54:17, ***“No weapon that is formed against me shall prosper and every tongue that shall rise***

against me in judgment thou shalt condemn.”

I had a heritage as a servant of the Lord and His Righteousness is of me saith the Lord. Little did I know that the purpose of the handkerchief was so that he could wipe the fingerprints off the trigger so when he pulled the trigger with that handkerchief that there wouldn't be any fingerprints there and he could say that it was an accident.

While he was standing there, I just kept my head down and I just kept ironing praying that God was going to keep me safe, believing that God was going to keep me safe. He was standing about nine or ten feet from me, if not, even less and he waited for me to look down and he pulled the trigger and the gun fired, but God had a hedge of protection around me.

I was shielded by His love and I was shielded by His wings and He said, **“Not So!”** The gun kicked and the echo of the shot and my cry, it was almost as if they were just blending in together.

They were just echoing. My screaming was echoing. The gunshot ring was echoing in my ears. It was at that point in my life that my life no longer had any purpose. I was shocked. I couldn't imagine that the man, this demon seed that was standing before that I was calling Dad, that I was serving, that I was loving unconditionally would point a gun at me and try to take my life to cover up the sexual abuse, to cover up the physical and verbal abuse.

My mother came downstairs running. She was screaming while he was standing there wiping off the gun. She told him ***“You could have killed her.”*** He looked at me and chuckled and said, ***“Oops, sorry***

about that". I couldn't move and I just couldn't fathom that these people that I was calling Mom and Dad that were supposed to protect me, that God had placed me in their care to love me and to nurture me, wanted to kill me..

When my other siblings came home, my Mom was all excited and she was telling them with glee and very dramatically describing my screaming and how I was acting and she was laughing about it and my Dad was laughing about it and no one hugged me. No one told me that it was going to be ok.

Love In All The Wrong Places

No one told me that they loved me. I became angry. I became so angry that I went to school and because I couldn't voice what I was going through at home because I couldn't say I don't like that, because I couldn't say you are hurting me, I went to school with this rage and I fought everyone who looked at me the wrong way. I abused my classmates. I manipulated my classmates. I took advantage of my classmates and I lived in silent shame about the abuse that I was going through.

I was beaten with whatever happened to be closest to me or with whatever would hurt me the most. Even beaten my legs with my legs held open until I almost passed out and this went on until I was an adult, actually until my late twenties by my foster Dad.

Actually, the physical abuse stopped once I graduated and left the house, but the sexual harassment continued until I was in my late twenties. I was searching for answers. I was searching for comfort, for love. I was trying to get a quick fix to comfort the hurt and the pain. I wanted so desperately to be loved by somebody, anybody. I didn't care.

I just wanted to be loved by somebody and I was starving for the love of a mother. I wanted to be held by my Mom. I wanted her to walk down the street and hold my hand. I wanted her to sit beside me while I lay in bed and just stroke my hair and tell me I was precious to her and she loved me, but she never did that.

I went from man to man to man to man trying to find love and my sense of love was twisted. My sense of

love was only physical because I have never experienced anything else but a physical and a twisted love.

Through all these interactions, I was having with all these men. I was blessed to have because I don't say that it's a curse or it's a horrible thing that I had these five children because the Word says that children are a gift from the Lord so I see my five children.

Even though I had them out of wedlock, I see my five beautiful children as a gift from the Lord. I didn't know how to be a mother. I didn't know how to love them. I did even know how to be a good mother. I had suffered with so much depression, I was neglecting my children.

I was so immobilized by the depression that I could

not get up and cook for them. I couldn't clean my house and my house was filthy. My children were running rampant. My children were being neglected and I said, ***“Lord there has got to be a better way. I can't live like this.”*** Every time I would get involved with a man, he would reject me. I would go out and try to commit suicide over and over and over again.

I thought well, if I go to college and get an education, my life will be better, but it wasn't. I became a radio announcer and I thought that the glory of being a radio announcer and being in the spotlight would take away the pain and that people would surround me and love me, but it didn't happen and I was miserable.

I suffered from mental illness because of the life that I had lived. I hid it from many people except from my neighbors who interacted with me on a day to day

basis. They knew that I suffered from a mental illness. I hated my life.

I hated men and over the course of the years, I became a prostitute, but even in the midst of my sin, I never stopped praying or crying out to God.

The echoes in my head, *“You'll never be anything...you're just a whore...you'll be a prostitute just like your mother and have a house full of babies by lots of different men...you're worthless and everyone hates you. We don't love you...we only took you for the money...we never wanted you...”*

Hallelujah, thank you Jesus!

Time To Rise Up

I faithfully started reading the Word, my life started changing. I wanted to be the best mother that I could be to my children. I started teaching them the word of God because the Word says to teach your children the Word morning, noon and night and I became faithful in teaching them the Word, morning, noon and night. I began to believe that I could be and that I could have everything in the Bible that God said I could have and that I could be.

I confess everyday that I am more than a conqueror. I confess that I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me. I became strong and strong in the Lord as I gave Him my hurt, as I gave him my pain, as I gave Him my scorn and my shame.

I gave it all to Jesus. I became a new creature in Christ and old things have passed away. The old thoughts have passed away, the old anger, the old shame. Those things were no longer a part of me. And even though I was searching and I was running after God, the echoes in my head never went away. People didn't know me as Sharon. Everybody called me “crazy Sharon”.

One day, a friend got angry at me because I was talking on my hurt and my pain and ***“Oh poor me I've been through this, I've endured this....”***

She got so frustrated with me because she shared with me that she was also sexually abused, but she got over it and she said to me just get over it, I don't want to hear it anymore and she walked away from me, and I said Lord, nobody cares.

I pondered over and over in my spirit ***“Just get over it”, just get over it.***” Then I heard the words just like the angel had said to Hagar, ***“Rise up and I heard in my spirit, get over it and rise up for I have need of thee.”***

Hallelujah! I just kept hearing that in my spirit, over and over again, over and over again and just like the angel said to Hagar, the bondswoman, ***“Rise up.”*** I asked God, ***“How can I?” I have held onto this hurt. I have held onto this pain. I have held onto this shame for so long that I don't know how to get rid of it. I don't know how to rise up and rise above it because it's been a part of me for so long.”***

Jesus said in Matt 11:28-30, ***“Come unto me all you that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you***

rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me for I am meek and lonely at heart and you shall find rest unto your souls for my yoke is easy and my burden is light. “

All ye that labor . . . Your labor could be your fear; your labor could be your struggles; your labor could be your battles; your labor could be the torments of your mind because of your past experiences; your labor could be your addictions; your labor could be your anger, your shame.

I began to study the Word as if my life depended on it and He said that he would give me rest, rest from the constant visual flashbacks of being sexually abused and fondled, rest from trying to do things on my own and in my own way, rest from trying to fight these constant battles of suicidal thoughts, oppression and

mental illness.

“Take my yoke. Come into union with me. Learn of me he said because I am gentle and humble and my burden is light.”

God Wants To Love You

He wants to love you. He wants you to be obedient. He wants you to love Him. To obey Him to walk upright in holiness before Him.

God wants you to surrender your heart. He wants you to give your will in exchange for the plans that he has concerning you and your life. Jeremiah 29:11 says that *“I know the thoughts that I think towards you saith the Lord, thoughts of peace and not of evil, to give you an expectancy, to give you a hope in the latter end.”*

He wants you to trust in Him. He has you in the palm of his hand. Yes, you may have experienced horrible acts abuse, rejection, violations that you can't get out of your head, but God says that if you will only trust

me and surrender all to me, I'll turn your ashes into beauty. I will give you my peace and I'll give you a new name, just like he gave me a new name.

No longer will I be called “Crazy Sharon” like I was called by the world, no longer will I be called Crazy Sharon, but now my Abba, my heavenly father, my Daddy, he says that I am his beloved.

He says that I am the apple of his eye. Hallelujah!
He says that I am his precious little girl. Thank you Lord. He says that I call you my daughter. He calls me a pillar of strength and tells me that I am an overcomer. Hallelujah, hallelujah!

God Brought Me Through!

I don't have to ask the Lord why do I have to endure this or why did this happen or why did I go through that or why didn't you stop it. It doesn't matter. It was never about me. It was all for his glory for such a time as this. He allowed me to endure all that I have gone through so I could tell of his redemptive love, so I could tell of his power, so I could tell you of his forgiveness, so I could tell you of his healing, his deliverance and of his divine power, to tell you that no matter what you have experienced in this life, if you will just rise up, if you will keep your focus on Jesus, if you will just praise Him, glorify Him, lift Him up and live for Him, hallelujah. He created us to display his glory that his glory might be known in praise for such a time as this. It was never about you. It was never about me. In the end, all that really

matters is Jesus and it's all for His glory, the glory of God. Hallelujah, thank you Jesus.

NOTES: